

THE MYSTERIOUS SHOOTER

A STORY OF THE LATE WAR, BY JULIAN HAYTERSON.

SEBASTIAN MAYNE, as I remember him in college, was a great, calm-eyed young fellow, with the repose and the proportions of a Greek statue.

Well, commencement came, and on the eve of that day the Randalls took their departure for New York on their way southwards. The following morning I called at Sebastian's rooms to have a chat. I knocked at the door, but when he opened it I was struck with dismay at his appearance.

He was very pale, and had evidently not slept all night. There was an expression of great anguish, stoically endured, in his face; a look as near akin to despair as a nature like his could admit.

It was a terrible blow for Fred Curwin, and I cannot say that I felt much compassion for him. He threw himself down by the body, and strove to persuade himself that there was still life in it, but the bullet had gone through the heart.

"Thank you, old man," said I; "I'm very sorry."

"I know it, and it's a comfort to speak to you. Last night," he continued, fixing his eyes on the carpet and puffing at his pipe, "after I got back from seeing Virginia—the Randall's off, I came back here and found a letter. It was from my father. He said that he had met with a great disaster in business, and that he had—"

"I shall be very grateful, if you will," said Sebastian. "I will tell you that it is not such a letter as you need be ashamed to carry to her, and tell her the story, in my own way, instead of leaving it all to chance and circumstances."

"That will come out right," said I, with a fervent desire to bring one ray of hope into the gloom. Sebastian turned away and made no reply. I parted from my friend that day, and it was a long time before I saw him again.

There is something about a class-day favorable to the rapid development of affairs of the heart, and when evening came, and the illuminations began, and Sebastian and Virginia strolled about arm-in-arm beneath the trees, it certainly looked as if their talk must be of romantic and personal matters.

habit of young men, that it was to be a match; especially after Sebastian had informed me in an incidental way that he intended visiting the White Sulphur Springs during the late summer and autumn months.

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The officer threw back his head, his knees gave way, and he sank down on the trampled ground. The sight affected me disagreeably; I had never before seen the idea of sharp-shooting, and I could not help wishing that Curwin had left the rifle alone.

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